



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



1840.

198.















FRONTISPIECE.



Page 56.

THE ALTAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

PRINTED BY S. SAMPSON.

**HYMNS**

**AND**

**SKETCHES IN VERSE.**

---

**BY THE AUTHOR OF**  
"Tales of the Great and Brave," "Tales of Many Lands,"  
"My Boy's First Book," &c.

---

**LONDON:**  
**HARVEY AND DARTON,**  
**GRACECHURCH-STREET.**

---

1840.

148.



**LONDON:**  
**JOSEPH RICKEREY, PRINTER,**  
**SHERBOURN LANE.**

TO  
GEORGE RAWDON —,  
THESE  
HYMNS AND SKETCHES IN VERSE

Are Affectionately Dedicated.

---

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.

“The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

“The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.” (Numbers, vi. 24, 25, 26.)

“The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.” (Genesis, xxxi. 49.)



## PREFACE.

---

MY DEAR, DEAR BOY,

IN the following Hymns and Sketches you, and perhaps others, may think that while most of them are suited to your early age, there are some only fitted for those who are many years your senior. This I feel to be true, but I have an excuse to plead. I have dedicated the book particularly to you, because your name is uppermost in my heart; but H——t and U——n have equal claims; and but that “human love” is *not* “the growth of human will,” those of U——n’s ought perhaps to be the strongest. Thus it is, that though nominally for you alone, I would, by suiting different parts to your different ages,

have each find in it what may interest each. Such, my dear boy, is my apology, and one which by you, I know, will be readily accepted.

These Hymns have not been written solely with the intention of being committed to memory, but rather in the hope that the perusal of them may often give you pleasure. Should this hope be realized, should any of these lines aid the endeavours of those around you to turn, in the midst of all your gladness, your thoughts to God, soothe you in an hour of sickness, or awaken one thought of another and a better world, then will the heart of one who dearly and fondly loves you, have ample reward.

TO G—— R——.

WHEN joyousness is round my path,  
And mirth laughs near the while,  
I think of thee, my gentle boy,  
And bless thy name, and smile.

When sorrow's darkest frowns are near,  
My heart in grief to steep,  
I think of thee, my absent boy,  
And bless thy name and weep.

While bending down before my God,  
At opening dawn of day ;  
I think of thee, my much loved boy,  
And bless thy name, and pray.



viii

And when death's damps shall stain my brow,

And death's dews dim mine eye,

I'll think of thee, dear cherished child,

And bless thy name and die.

# CONTENTS.

---

	Page.
Hymn . . . . .	1
The Dying Child . . . . .	4
Morning Hymn . . . . .	11
The Book of God . . . . .	14
G—— R——'s Hymn and Prayer . . . . .	18
Hymn . . . . .	28
A Walk in February . . . . .	30
The Sabbath . . . . .	33
To G—— R—— . . . . .	35
The Roman Mother . . . . .	39
Hymn . . . . .	44
The Brothers of Germany . . . . .	46
Hymn . . . . .	53
The Altar in the Wilderness . . . . .	56
H——t's Birthday . . . . .	60
U——n's Birthday . . . . .	65

	Page.
R——n's Birthday . . . . .	67
To R——n . . . . .	69
H——y's Birthday . . . . .	72
The Dream . . . . .	75
Hymn . . . . .	81
Hymn . . . . .	84
Prayer for Belief . . . . .	87
The First Grief . . . . .	89
Hymn . . . . .	101
Hymn . . . . .	103
The Holy Child of Westminster Abbey . . . . .	105
Hymn . . . . .	109
Hymn . . . . .	112
The Sister's Lament . . . . .	115
To G—— R—— . . . . .	120
A Fragment . . . . .	123
Hymn . . . . .	134
Hymn . . . . .	137
The Orphans . . . . .	140
Hymn . . . . .	147
The Sailor Boy . . . . .	150
To G—— R—— . . . . .	162

# CONTENTS.

xi

	Page.
Hymn . . . . .	165
Spring . . . . .	167
They had gone forth . . . . .	172
G — R — 's Hymn . . . . .	185
Hymn . . . . .	189
Hymn . . . . .	192
The Missionary's Grave . . . . .	194
Spring's Wild Flowers and Birds . . . . .	205
Hymn . . . . .	217
Hymn . . . . .	220
The Sabbath Hymn . . . . .	222



HYMNS  
AND  
SKETCHES IN VERSE.

---

HYMN.

TEACH me, Almighty God, to raise  
My heart to thee, in grateful praise :  
Teach me, O Lord, to bow before  
Thy throne, and humbly to adore  
Thy wondrous ways.

Teach me, Almighty God, to see  
The wonders of the Deity :  
Teach me in earth, and air, and sky,  
To note thy glorious majesty.  
Teach me to worship thee.

Teach me a willing ear to lend  
To her, my childhood's surest friend :  
Oh, teach me so to act my part,  
That her name, ever in my heart,  
With thine may blend.

A mother's counsels, may they be  
Still welcomed and revered by me,

That I, in childhood, and in youth,  
May love the sacred paths of truth,  
And live alone for thee.

I thank thee for the care which gave  
Me parents, who will seek to save  
Their child from ill, and turn his eyes  
And thoughts to that fair world, that lies  
Beyond the grave.

Oh, teach me, then, to bend in prayer,  
And thank thee for so great a share  
Of blessings, lest I e'er should be  
Thankless for mercies granted me,  
And worthless of thy care.



## THE DYING CHILD.

A LITTLE sufferer lay stretched upon the  
bed of death :  
Brief, brief had been his young career ;  
the spring's rejoicing breath  
Had played around his bright fair head,  
through eight successive years ;  
Eight joyous summers he had known ;  
the ninth arose in tears ;

For he was dying ! On that brow, so innocent  
fair,  
Death had been writ. Alas ! to see his  
gloomy impress there :  
Alas ! to see the agony his slender form  
that wrung,  
While still, in every brief respite, that  
holy infant sung  
His song of praise, and blessed the hand  
that held the chastening rod,  
And prayed that pain and suffering soon  
might fit him for his God ;  
Or now, on feebly-bended knee, he'd  
raise his loving eye,

And plead, if 'twas his Father's w  
that yet he might not die.  
In the long, sleepless hours of nig  
'twas sad, but sweet to hear  
How oft that fair child's voice would r  
first low, then proudly clear ;  
And thus his gushing song he'd pour  
that high Power above,  
Who, from his earliest years, had been  
him a God of love.

“ Lord Jesus, holy Son of God !  
Look on me where I kneel,  
Thou, who though blest as Heaven its  
For others' woes can feel.

“Look on thy child’s deep suffering ;  
Look on his grief and fear :  
Lord Jesus, holy Son of God,  
Hear me, my Saviour, hear !

Oh, if it be thy mighty will,  
Stretch forth thy hand to save :  
I am too young, too unprepared,  
So soon to seek the grave.

Hear me, my Father ! speak the word ;  
Send me some speedy cure,  
Or, if such seem not good to thee,  
Then teach me to endure.

Oh, hush my feeble plaints that rise,  
Let not my tear-drops flow ;  
Let me not add, O God of love,  
To a loved mother's woe.

I know, by her pale, thoughtful brow,  
And by her altered eye,  
And by the tears she strives to hide,  
She *feels* that I must die.

And by the love that she has shown,  
Love equalled but by thine,  
And by the grief she suffers now,  
She'd give her life for mine.

So would not I—no, she must live ;  
Be it thy high decree  
That she may lead our little band  
To joy, and heaven, and thee.”

The fair child ceased—for near him then,  
in sorrow's darkest mood,  
Breathless, his innocent words to list, the  
weeping mother stood.  
He raised his soft, deep, loving eye, with  
a thrill of joy, that came  
Like the sudden ebbing back of life,  
through his enfeebled frame :—  
“And thou art here! I might have known,  
thou that art never far.”

He wreathed his arms her neck around  
and like a glittering star,  
Not dimmed or damped by the dews o  
death, altho' death lurked so near  
His sunny curls lay motionless on th  
breast that throbbed with fear ;  
For on his brow there was a light, to  
bright for the earth she trod :  
It was his call to heaven—the child wa  
an angel with his God !

.

---

## MORNING HYMN.

COME, let us raise our hearts to God,  
And kneel, and humbly pray ;  
'Tis fitting that our little band  
Should thus begin the day.

For God it is who gives us joy,  
He guards our tender years ;  
But for his love we might have passed  
Our early life in tears.



He grants us blessings one by one,  
He gives them every hour ;  
He shields us with almighty love,  
Guards with almighty power.

Nor is this all ; well may we seek,  
Well may we love to pray,  
Since Jesus died upon the cross,  
To wash our sins away.

Jesus, who loved us, and who said,  
“ Let children come to me : ”  
How grateful for kind words like these  
Should little children be !

Then let us come before him now,  
He will not turn away ;  
God is so good, he loves to hear  
Better than we to pray.



## THE BOOK OF GOD.

WHAT should we do without the Book,  
The sacred Book of God?  
How should we know the better path?  
How bear the chastening rod  
Without its aid? When God sees fit  
To bow us down in grief,  
Where, but amid its sacred lines,  
Should we seek and find relief?

If by deep pain and suffering  
 And sickness we are worn,  
 We look into his Book, and find,  
 "Blessed are they that mourn,"\*  
 Blessed are they that sorrow here ;  
 They shall be blessed on high :  
 This earth is not their home, and grief  
 Prepares them for the sky.  
 If we bend, mourning, o'er the graves  
 Of those we see no more,  
 His Book then tells us they are blessed,  
 And all their labours o'er.†

\* "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."—(Matt. v. 4.)

† "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labour."—(Rev. xiv. 13.)

Had we to mourn an orphan's fate,  
 And think that fate unkind,  
 God tells us that the fatherless  
 In him a Father find.\*  
 And more, more blest assurances  
 Within that book we see ;—  
 Christ Jesus, with an angry God,  
 Our advocate will be :†  
 For 'tis a saying kind as true,  
 That Jesus sought the grave,

\* “ A Father of the fatherless, and a judge of widows is God in his holy habitation.”—(Psa lxxviii. 50.)

† “ If any man sin, he hath an advocate with the Father, Christ Jesus, the righteous.”—(1 John ii. 12.)

And came into this world of sin  
That sinners he might save.\*  
Blessed holy Book ! well may we prize  
It as our dearest bliss ;  
It fits us for another world,  
And cheers us on in this.

\* "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—(Timothy, i. 15.)

---

G—— R——'S  
HYMN AND PRAYER.

“Prayer is an expression of our dependence upon  
God.”

H Y M N .

ALL gracious God, who reigns on high,  
On thee will I depend,  
Nor fear to seek the throne of Him  
Who is the sinner's friend.

How good, how merciful thou art,  
To lend a gracious ear!  
E'en when the voice of childhood prays,  
I *know* that thou wilt hear.

And can it be—shall I be heard,  
While tremblingly I raise  
My voice to where blest angels sing  
Eternal songs of praise?

Yes, I may plead, and thou, e'en thou,  
Will listen to my prayer,  
While I, for every cherished one,  
Entreat a Father's care.



Then let me humbly bend the knee,  
And lift my voice on high,  
Blest in the blest security  
That God will hear my cry.

## PRAYER.

All-gracious God, behold me here,  
While humbly thus I bow,  
Entreating thou wilt crown with peace  
A gentle mother's brow.  
Let holy joyfulness attend  
Her sojourn here below ;

Pour not on her meek heart the stream  
Of bitterness and woe.  
Let not those loving eyes, that smile  
Upon our infant plays,  
Be dimmed by one unwelcome thought  
Of us in coming days.  
And may we, in long after-years,  
Like props around her stand,  
And may she never have to mourn  
A broken household band—  
Broken by death ! or worse—by sin :  
Nor heedless of her care,  
May we e'er blight her dearest hopes ;  
Christ Jesus, hear my prayer.

Another parent's cause I'd plead,  
And I on high would raise  
A father's name : shower blessings, Lord  
Upon his coming days.  
With kindness he has ever trained  
The children of his love ;  
Do thou make him thy chosen child,  
Christ ! holy one above.  
And as he leads us gently on  
Through life, be thou his guide ;  
Be Father, to our father, Lord,  
That o'er the stream may glide  
In peacefulness his bark ; and when  
His earthly course is done,

!

May he live ever with his God,  
And God's eternal Son.

Again my feeble voice I'd raise,  
In deep and earnest prayer ;  
Take, take my gentle brother, Lord,  
Beneath thy fost'ring care :  
And may the light, in coming days,  
That shines upon his brow,  
Be calm, and proudly beautiful  
And innocent as now ;  
And may the blue of his clear eye  
Be long undimmed by tears :  
Be thou his guide, his hope, his stay,  
In all his coming years.

And bless my dark-eyed brother, too,  
With all his winning ways,  
The gentle, thoughtful tenderness  
That every look betrays  
Were gifts from thee! oh, guard the  
well!

Let not one bright flower fade ;  
Spread wide their perfume, since thy har  
So rich the soil has made.

And bless the fair and gentle babe,  
Our play-thing and our care,  
And make him good and prosp'rous, Lor  
Since thou hast made him fair.

For fair and fairy is the child,  
Yet I have seen his eye  
Wax strange and dim, and his pale cheek  
Proclaim that he must die.  
And vain seemed every earthly aid,  
And every hope was o'er ;  
But thy hand raised him up from death,  
So be it evermore.  
All-gracious God, in every ill  
That may his steps attend,  
Be thou, as then, all merciful,  
His Saviour and his friend.

I too, O God, for mine own self  
Would ask thy gracious care ;

Helpless I am, and much in need  
To raise my heart in prayer.  
My every effort, Lord, do thou  
Assist, and seek to mend  
My sinful ways. But for the thought  
*That thou'rt the sinner's friend,*  
How should I dare to draw so near  
The footstool of thy grace ?  
How venture thus alone to kneel,  
And meet thee face to face ?  
For thou hast said, that while alone  
We seek thee out in prayer,  
In mercy and in gentleness,  
Thou surely wilt be there.

Then, ere my fervent, last amen,  
    In trusting hope I breath,  
Amid the band for whom I pray,  
    Another name I'd weave,  
And ask for blessings on her head,  
    For she has loved me well ;  
And I have marked how frequently  
    Her silent tear-drops fell,  
When I, in childish sport, have wreathed  
    My arms her neck around,  
Or with wild flow'rets, culled for her,  
    Have strewed the perfumed ground.  
Lord, send thy love into our souls,  
    Let us live to worship thee,  
So shall *her* heart be comforted,  
    And *my* prayer accepted be.



## HYMN.

LET the name of my Father be prou  
adored,

Let the song of his praise rise vi  
rious and free ;

The cup of salvation has freely b  
poured

By the Saviour who purchased rede  
tion for me.

Down, down, my proud heart, a song  
    raised to heaven

But a trifling mite in the balance will be.

Think'st thou thus to repay the God  
    who has given

A Saviour to bleed and to suffer for thee ?

Yet swell forth my song, let my Father  
    be praised,

Though poor and unfitting my worship  
    may be ;

The heart that is humbly, but gratefully  
    raised

Will be blessed by the Saviour, who  
    perished for me.

## A WALK IN FEBRUARY.

SEE what a prize I have got,  
The first primrose of the year !  
Not a snowdrop's head,  
From its earthy bed,  
Has ventured to appear :  
But this, the fairest of all wild flowers,  
Has braved the storm and blast,  
And on the yet cold wintry scene  
Its fragrant beauties cast.

Do you know, mamma, what I thought  
upon

Gazing on its pale leaves ?

I thought how pure is the earliest prayer

A little infant breathes :

Then I longed, oh how I longed to hear

Dear baby's earliest word.

Mamma, do you think if it should be God,

It would on high be heard ?

Oh, if I thought so, I would give

Up all my hours of play,

Even my walks with you, mamma,

To teach him how to say

That single word : from his pretty lips

How sweet the sound would seem !

I wish the time was not yet passed  
When God has, in a dream, ,  
Called little children to his love,  
As Samuel of yore,  
Training them up in sacred paths,  
To love him more and more.  
How sweet to hear dear baby's voice,  
In accents low and clear,  
Answering to the call of God,  
“ Speak to me, Lord ! I hear.”

---

## THE SABBATH.

'The Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.'—(Exodus, xx. 2.)

'Tis Sabbath-night ! how still and calm,  
And perfumed is the air !  
I think upon the Sabbath-night  
That all things show more fair.

The stars gleam out more lovelily,  
And in the pale moonlight,  
Flowers with their dewy breathings praise  
The hand that made them bright.

The gushing streamlet's murm'ring voice,  
Like distant, prayerful sound,  
Steals, as in holy cadences,  
Along the hallowed ground.

The music of the leafy woods  
Is hushed their bowers among,  
For the gay minstrels of their shades  
Their last good night have sung.

But most unto the human heart  
Is peaceful gladness given,  
And Sabbath nights like these prepare  
The Christian's soul for heaven.

TO G—— R——.

ALAS ! how many are bending now,  
 Bathing in tears some pallid brow ;  
 Gazing, perchance, on a cherished face,  
 Seeking to hold by love's embrace  
 The parting spirit from its flight,  
 Through gates of death to realms of light !

Alas ! how many are gazing now  
 In grief upon some pallid brow,  
 Where death's cold lip has lately prest  
 Its kiss upon the faithful breast



Of the only one, perchance, who hath  
Shed gleams of sunshine round their path !

Alas ! how many are writhing now  
'Neath the anguished throb of a fevered  
brow,

Loathing the day for its sunny light,  
Dreading the silence and gloom of night,  
Seeking relief or release in vain,  
From the heavy weight of their aching  
pain !

Alas ! how many are drooping now,  
With famine writ on their haggard brow !  
How many shrinking forms are cast,  
Naked, upon the wintry blast !

And, oh, how many are bowed beneath  
The ills that will not end in death !

But thou, my boy, I see thee now,  
A glow upon thy radiant brow  
Of blooming health ; thou hast not known  
The cry of pain, the feeble moan ;  
Nor shed those tears that pity wrings  
From the heart for another's sufferings !

Yes, blessed child ; all brilliant now  
Are the bright flowrets on thy brow,  
By gladness wreathed ; thou hast not heard  
Death issue forth the dreaded word  
To aught thou lov'st ; thou hast not bent  
'Neath the weight of Heaven's chastise-  
*ment.*

Dwell on these thoughts, my child, and  
raise

Thy heart to Him in grateful praise,  
Who grants thee joy, and meekly press  
To thy lips thy cup of happiness ;  
Not vaunting thee of gladness given,  
Not careless of the love of Heaven,  
Not boasting freedom from the rod,  
But humbly grateful to thy God.

---





Page 39.

**THE ROMAN MOTHER.**

## THE ROMAN MOTHER.

In Rome, the body of the dead, strewed over with flowers and richly attired, is carried through the streets in an open bier, and laid in the church, where it remains till the appointed hour of interment. The following story is founded on fact.

ON the Roman city rose the sun,  
And all looked bright and smiled,  
As a Roman mother fondly blessed  
Her fair and first-born child.

The sun its high meridian height  
O'er the Roman city shed,  
When the Roman mother wildly hung  
O'er her first-born and her dead.  
Prepare the bier, the flowers prepare,  
But bring no gloomy rue ;  
Bring buds of the brightest gladdest dye,  
O'er the sable pall to strew ;  
Bring the first leaves of the opening rose,  
And, oh, bring the flowers of the dead,\*  
With its slender stems of paly green,  
To twine round the infant's head.

\* The periwinkle has obtained this name in Italy and southern countries, from the practice of strewing the bier, more particularly those of children, with its long and graceful branches.

Lay the wild primrose on his breast,  
O'er his hands wild violets strew ;  
Meet-offerings they, so simply drest  
In their vestures of quiet blue.  
Prepare the bier for the young and fair,  
Take the child to its quiet rest ;  
For in St. Mary's church to-night  
It must lie as for festal drest.  
The child is borne to the quiet aisle,  
It is laid by the altar now ;  
And the wan light of the sacred lamp  
Shines on its pallid brow.

The heavy hours of night are passed ;  
The mother, unseen, unknown,



Has sought the church where the child is  
laid,

To pray to her God alone.

Her falt'ring steps have reached the  
door ;

She stands in the sacred aisle ;

O God of Heaven, of life, of love,

She is met by her infant's smile.

Yes ! on the sable pall, where late

She saw her darling laid,

With flowers that were to deck its  
grave,

The unconscious infant played.

The mother had come to weep and pray,

By the fair child's early bier ;

But she wept and prayed by his living side,  
And God received the tear,  
And the fervent prayers she offered up,  
And the vows she made to Heaven,  
To consecrate to God alone  
The child he twice had given.




## HYMN.

“ I give myself unto prayer.”—(Psalm cix. 4.)

LORD, I would raise my heart to thee,  
In deep and earnest prayer,  
And duly on my bended knee,  
Seek thy protecting care.

I'd come to thee, thou God of love,  
When breaks the morning light,  
And I would raise my prayer on high  
In the still hour of night.



I'd bring to thee a grateful heart,  
In all my hours of gladness ;  
I'd look to thee in faith and trust  
Through every cloud of sadness.

I would, for every hour I live,  
For every breath I breathe,  
Thank earnestly the hand from whom  
All mercies I receive.

Lord, I would spend in heart-felt prayer  
The life that thou hast given,  
Since prayer is the blest path by which  
The soul may enter heaven.

THE  
BROTHERS OF GERMANY.

Two youthful wanderers were they :  
They left their native land,  
Orphaned and pennyless, to range  
Together, hand in hand,  
Through a wide world, that little cared  
How sad their fate might be.  
Lord, Father of the fatherless !  
They had no friend but thee.



Page 46.

**THE BROTHERS OF GERMANY.**



Linked by strong bonds were they ; one  
hour

Had smiled upon their birth ;—  
Smiled, for their parents boasted then  
Much of the goods of earth :  
Little, yet much, for in their eyes  
Their stores were endless wealth ;  
All that they wished their hearts pos-  
sessed,  
Contentedness and health.

But soon an hour of famine came,  
And sickness followed fast,  
Until upon a heartless world  
The orphaned boys were cast.



They were thrust forth to beg their bread;  
But long they lingered still,  
'Neath the shadow of their chesnut-trees,  
Upon the wooded hill.

Hunger they bore, and sickness too,  
To gaze on their own sky ;  
For much they loved their father-land,  
Their native Germany.  
And thus passed o'er their youthful heads  
Some weary, struggling years ;  
They counted time by *hours* of joy,  
That shone through *months* of tears.

Time passed ; they left their native hills :  
The sea they wandered o'er,

arce conscious where their steps were  
bent,

They stood on England's shore.  
And now, their lesser wants relieved,  
They wandered still along,  
Singing at every peasant's door  
Their own loved mountain song.

And oft the peasants' homely meal  
The wand'ring minstrels shared ;  
And oft a charitable hand  
Fit resting-place prepared.

It never yet those orphaned boys  
Partook of frugal fare,  
Nor slept, till fervently they raised  
Their grateful hearts in prayer.

If all went well with them, they felt  
God had in mercy staid  
Their heavy tide of griefs ; if ill,  
They turned to him for aid.  
Thus still through all their chequered life,  
Now gleaming bright, now dim,  
They looked to God who loveth those  
Who put their trust in him.

Kindness they met, but more of scorn ;  
And the inclement sky  
Looked coldly on their houseless heads :  
Yet they bore patiently,  
Never returning wrathful word,  
Or taunt, or angry look,

While the mean pittance, gratefully,  
With humble hearts they took.

And soon they met their just reward ;  
Though old and grey-haired now,  
They tell the tale that I have told,  
While on each furrowed brow  
The light of gratitude is set,—  
Raising their hearts to God,  
They praise him 'mid the mountain  
scenes  
Their infant footsteps trod.

In early life they wandered far ;  
But now, all trials past,

In their birth-place, in their native land,  
Their anchor they have cast.  
They climb again its wooded hills,  
Gaze on its brilliant sky ;  
They have regained their father-land,  
Their native Germany.



## HYMN.

ANOTHER day  
Has passed away,  
Darkness is on the earth ;  
Then let me praise,  
The wondrous ways  
Of Him who gave it birth.

Darkness brings rest  
To the weary breast,  
Beneath sorrow bending ;

Sleep, for awhile,  
Its cherub smile  
To saddest features lending.

And darkness brings  
On healing wings  
Sleep to the throb of pain ;  
Balm infusing,  
Health diffusing,  
Through each fevered vein.

Darkness calls,  
When its curtain falls,  
The labourer to his rest ;

Toil dividing,  
Sleep providing,  
To his grateful breast.

Then let me praise  
The wondrous ways  
Of Him who gave it birth,  
Since slumber brings,  
On blissful wings,  
Peace to the sons of earth.





## THE ALTAR

## IN THE WILDERNESS.

I WANDERED 'mid a forest scene,  
Wide shadows spread around,  
When suddenly my footsteps fell  
Upon some cultured ground.

In scenes uncared-for, rude and wild,  
That fairy garden lay,  
And 'mid its glowing flowers I marked  
A little girl at play.

Graceful her form, her look, her mien,  
As with light step she moved,  
Gazing with earnest tenderness  
Into each flower she loved.

But, hush ! a distant pealing bell,  
It is the call to prayer.  
“ Hark ! hark ! that sound,” the fair child  
cried ;  
“ Alas ! and I not there.”

A step or two she made, then stopped,  
And brushed her tears away.  
“ Dear mother, by thy gentle side  
I may not kneel to-day.

“ Far is the path that leads to home,  
I cannot reach in time :  
Never, till now, I’ve wished unheard,  
That sacred warning chime.

“ I may not join my sister-band,  
Kneel at my mother’s knee ;  
Nor hear my brother’s prayerful song  
Rise gloriously and free.

“ But yet my prayer may rise with theirs,  
With theirs may swell my song ;  
God will receive the sacrifice,  
Though made these woods among.”

She knelt upon the dewy grass,  
She raised her pleading eye,  
And beautiful and holy looked,  
As a seraph from the sky.




## H——T'S BIRTHDAY.

1st OCTOBER.

DEAR brother, thou art slumb'ring still,  
And o'er thy curtained eye  
How calmly and how gracefully  
Thy peaceful slumbers lie.

One small and slender hand is twined  
Thy glitt'ring curls among :  
Thus cherubs sleep, when angel-tones  
Their lullabies have sung.



awake, my gentle brother,  
 wake, awake! and mine  
 the first kiss to chase the sleep  
 that seals these lids of thine.

Be the earliest kiss to chase  
 his dreamy sleep away,  
 mine the earliest voice to bless  
 thee, on this happy day.

every heart may bless thee,  
 but mine the most of all.  
 Wake, awake, my brother!  
 rouse thee at my call!

Let me tell thee how I love thee!

I have no gifts to bring,  
Saving the love thy hand has nursed,  
That knows no withering.

Well I may love thee!—I have cause,  
From infancy till now,  
No childish whim could rouse thy wrath  
Or cloud for me thy brow.

Well I may love thee!—I have cause,  
For ever by my side  
My guardian thou, in hours of fear,  
My brother and my guide.

ugh few thy sunny years have been,  
hey do not double mine :  
ould my guiding hand through life,  
ear brother, may be thine.

bow me down beside thee here,  
nd pray that God may bless,  
l ever guard through life, thy heart's  
lost perfect gentleness.

/ he shower blessings round thy path,  
nd shield thy steps from ill ;  
l, oh, may he in after years  
fate thee to love me still.



Then awake, my gentle brother !

Awake thee from thy sleep.

I know not—'tis a happy day—

Yet I feel as I could weep.

I've heard of those who wept for joy—

Joyful my tears may be,

For I know, my gentle brother,

God hears my prayers for thee.



## U——N'S BIRTHDAY.

17th MAY.

ONCE again the morn is gleaming  
That gave my brother birth,  
And I see his dark eyes beaming  
With more than wonted mirth ;  
For every voice has blessed him,  
And every eye is love,  
And every lip caressed him ;  
And to God's throne above  
Are rising earnest tides of prayer,

And mine amid the rest :  
Oh, may they find acceptance there,  
May my brother's life be blest.

Blest may he be—by blooming health,  
Unscathed by sorrow's dart,  
And long—oh, long possess the wealth  
Of a kind and generous heart.

Blest be he in those around,  
Who so fondly love him ;  
For, oh, never yet was found  
A heart to rank above him.  
In love and gentleness and truth  
And tenderness of feeling,  
Lord, make the promise of his youth  
*Perfect*, through thy dealing.

## R— N'S BIRTHDAY.

25th AUGUST.

THE morn is up, I must awake,  
And rise and kneel to pray,  
And thank the God whose care has led  
Me on to see to-day.

Far in the soft blue azure sky  
Glitters the summer sun,  
Not yet in glorious majesty  
His yearly course is run.

But I another year have seen,  
In summer I was born;  
And now I hail in joy the light  
Of this my natal morn.

For God has crowned my life with bliss,  
No sorrow have I seen ;  
Like unto sunshine without shade  
My happy life has been.

O Lord, my God, grant me yet this;  
Hear and receive my prayer;  
Make me through each succeeding year  
More worthy of thy care.

TO R——N.

25th AUGUST.

‘I will pray for you to the Lord.’—(Samuel, vii. 5.)

THE model of thy little hand  
Is laid before me now,  
And I turn to gaze with tearful eye  
Upon thy pictured brow.  
I cannot clasp that marble hand,  
Encircling it as thine ;  
And those bright eyes of liquid blue  
Send back no glance to mine

Ever till now, at this same hour,  
    Upon this happy day,  
I've chased, with many a kiss of love,  
    Thy rosy sleep away :  
But now thou'rt in the strangers' land,  
    And I, my blessed boy,  
I may not on thy natal morn  
    Wish thee return of joy.

Not wish thee a return of joy !—  
    No, dearest child ! but prayer  
May rise on high, and thy dear name  
    Be fondly whispered there.

For thee there is an earnest voice  
Still pleading in my breast,  
And if that voice may blessings win,  
*Thou surely shalt be blest.*





## H——'S BIRTHDAY.

17th APRIL.

DEAR baby-boy, two sunny years  
Your little life has seen ;  
But like a dream or nothingness  
To you that time has been.

The smiles your dimpled cheeks that deck,  
Like sun-beams on a flower,  
And the tears you shed are all forgot  
Before the coming hour.

▲

But it will not be ever thus ;  
Dear baby, you will know  
The difference of good from ill,  
Of joyousness from woe.

Bright smiles are on your cheeks to-day ;  
But little do you guess,  
From laughing eyes around you now,  
Of the heart's tenderness ;

Of prayers that God may train you so,  
That every year that's past  
May find you still as innocent,  
And wiser than the last;

That he may guard you still through life,  
And bless our blue-eyed boy,  
That a fair life may win for him  
Eternity of joy.

---

## THE DREAM.

I DREAMED that on a winter's night  
I wandered forth alone,  
And, careless of the gathering storm,  
Upon a cold grey stone  
I sat me down, too full of joy  
To heed the chilling blast ;  
When, as I mused, with trembling step  
An aged father passed.

Bent was his form, and suddenly  
More falt'ring grew his tread ;  
He sank upon the icy path—  
The grey-haired man was dead.  
“Alas” ! I cried, “ thy life is past,  
Thy sojourn among men ;  
Yet ripe wert thou ; thou must have  
seen  
Thy four-score years and ten.”

My dream was changed—I thought I  
stood  
'Mid summer's brightest flowers,  
Where rays of noon-day pleasantly

Fell amid shady bowers.  
Upon a bank of richest green  
A slender form reclined ;  
Deeply but gracefully with thought  
Her youthful brow was lined.

And with a glad yet pensive grace,  
Her dark and loving eye  
Followed, with watchful tenderness,  
Fair forms that flitted by :  
Her children they—with the bright  
flowers  
The lovely infants vied ;  
So thought she, and she brightly smiled—  
But as I gazed, she died.

Again my dream was changed—I played  
    'Mid early flowers of spring,  
At opening day, with a little child,  
    A gay and gladsome thing.  
We sported with a glittering fount,  
    That high its treasures threw ;  
We crowned his infant brow with  
    flowers,  
    Still wet with morning dew.

Joy sparkled in his liquid eye,  
    His laugh rang glad and light ;  
No pebble on the fair child's path  
    But offered new delight:  
I listened to that ringing laugh,

Gazed on that happy eye—  
I saw the fair child suddenly  
Bow down his head and die.

Then, starting from that fearful dream,  
“ Save, save,” I cried, “ the child ! ”—  
I looked around, ’twas summer’s morn,  
All nature calmly smiled.  
My God, and was that vision sent,  
Like dream of holy breath,  
To teach my over careless heart,  
That ’mid our life is death ?

Not in my dream alone his dart  
Strikes down the young and fair ;



The church-yard's graves are numerous—  
Age, childhood, youth are there.  
Not at a stated hour the hand  
Of death its bolt lets fall :  
Lord, through thy mercy render me  
More fitted for his call.



## HYMN.

“Turn thou me and I shall be turned.”

(Jeremiah, xxxi—18.)

ORD, save me ! was a sinner's cry,  
And well may it be mine ;  
ord, I have erred—each hour I err,  
Against thy hand divine.

hankless—ungrateful, I have been  
For all thy works of love ;  
Lord, almighty God of grace,  
Raise, raise my heart above.

Thou whose almighty word could calm  
The raging of the sea,  
Calm all my evil passions, Lord,  
And turn my heart to thee.

Thou whose all blessed word could  
change  
The water into wine,  
Oh change my sinful waywardness,  
And make me wholly thine !

Thou who hast stood beside the grave,  
And bade it yield its dead,  
Oh make my stubborn, stony heart  
More willing to be led !

hou who hast made the lame to walk,  
And caused the blind to see,  
ord, Lord, send forth thy mighty word,  
And turn my soul to thee.

---

## HYMN.

“There is none other name under Heaven give  
among men, whereby we may be saved.”—(Acts  
iv. 12.)

“DEAR mother, speak to me, I pray,  
Tell me of heaven’s bliss ;  
’Tis a world far more beautiful,  
I’ve heard you say, than this.

“You tell me too, straight is the path  
And narrow is the way ;

How may a little infant climb,  
Dear mother, kindly say ?

“ Must I lay evil thoughts aside,  
And meek and gentle be ?  
Tell me, dear mother, will this gain  
A place in heaven for me ?

“ And must I read his sacred book,  
Obey each high command ;  
Must I in humble patience take  
All chastening at his hand ? ”

Yes, dearest one, all this and more  
We each alike must do ;

You must have faith in Christ, dear child  
Who gave his life for you.

“You must believe that in his blood  
Your sins are washed away :  
High was the ransom, great the love,  
That could such ransom pay.

“ In Christ, the blessed Son of God,  
Secure thy faith must be ;  
For this alone, dear child, can gain  
A place in Heaven for thee.”

## PRAYER FOR BELIEF.

“Lord I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”  
(Mark, ix. 24.)

y thine own blessed, glorious name,  
hy mercies' never-waning flame ;  
he life I at thy hand receive,  
ord, Father, teach me to believe !



By all thy gifts of wondrous love,  
Thy endless realms of bliss above,  
Thy power in Heaven, in earth be-  
neath,  
Christ Jesus, strengthen my belief!

---





Page 89.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

## THE FIRST GRIEF.

‘ Behold I take away from thee the desire of thine  
as with a stroke.’—(Ezekiel, xxiv. 16.)

\* \* TWAS not the wonted hour of  
prayer,  
ough the hushed chamber lay in still  
repose,  
nd young glad hearts were meekly  
bending there,

Worshipping silently; save when at times  
arose

A whispered murmur as some heart ex-  
pressed


Deep yearning hopes, that might not be  
represt :

It was a sight to gaze on—parent and  
child

Were bowed together there before their  
God,

Fervent and full their hearts looked up  
to Heaven.

Not yet with sudden stroke the chasten-  
ing rod,



Him who seeks not willingly to  
wound,  
and blighted their young hopes, nor  
time entombed  
the love that strengthening still from  
childhood's hour,  
unit them together. Fortune had set  
her seal on them, and with unfading  
flowers  
had strewn their path—gladness had  
followed them,  
even through long years! and now—  
their cup o'erflowed.

But, hark ! a sound, a voice, the voice of  
prayer :—

List ! 'tis a father speaks, with hands up-  
raised :—

Well do such scenes become his silvered  
hair

And voice all tremulous—“ Let God be  
praised,

Our wanderer will return ! Great thanks  
be given

To the all-merciful, the God of Heaven.”

His voice is stayed by tears, tears of  
most heartfelt joy,

d a fond mother's love burst forth—

“ My boy, my boy ! ”

ar, O my God ! grant yet one blessing  
more,

those already to thy handmaid given ;  
ough years of lengthened hope have  
wandered o'er,

nce last I gazed upon the placid heaven  
his blue eye, bring me my boy un-  
changed,

lad, joyous, free, as when his light  
step ranged

is childhood's home. Bear him along  
the wave



Triumphant, as I've seen his strong arm  
brave

The deep blue waters of the lake, that  
gave

Back the dear image of his youthful  
brow.

My own! my beautiful! I see thee  
now,

In memory's eye, all diamond-like, the  
spray

Clinging to thy bright curls, till dashed  
away

With hasty gesture. Oh the deep love  
that lay

rined in his heart! the joyous voice,  
the tone,  
the music of his laughter, all in one  
deep gush of tenderness, returns, and I  
overwhelmed, raise a grateful heart on  
high,  
and thank the good and gracious God  
of heaven  
for all the blissful hopes that he has  
given.

When rose a young and gentle sister's  
voice,  
let me, O Lord, in humbleness rejoice,

Over his blest return : my friend my  
guide !

What ! in the scenes he loved, by his  
dear side,

Shall I go forth to wander, as of yore ?  
Shall his kind words, again shed sun-  
shine o'er

Each passing hour ?—Oh ! will he love  
me yet ?

Shall I my weakness in his strength  
forget,

Or prize that weakness, which still holds  
him near,

To guide my footsteps or to chide my fear.

She bowed her gentle head upon her  
breast,  
And in her silent heart she breathed the  
rest  
Of her fond prayer.—Then childhood's  
voice arose,  
And like the first unfolding of the rose,  
Her ruby lips breathed forth a brother's  
name :  
Though unremembered, o'er their brows  
there came  
A sudden light of joy, and hands were  
raised,  
And infant lips the God of Heaven  
praised.

Then innocently glad, they rose fr  
prayer,

And each went forth their joyous ta  
to share.—

His room, his books, the walk he cal  
his own,

The dog he loved, even the cold g  
stone

On which his name was carved, w  
choicest flowers

Was richly garlanded. The happy ho  
Passed on in works of love.—He m  
be near ;

There was no thought but joy, no thi  
of fear ;

men, hark! a step, a sudden cry of  
dread ;—

, the beloved, the expected one was  
dead.

as! he had scaped the bloody battle's  
plain,

and buffeted unharmed the stormy main,

at in his early life's most sunny hour

and faded, like the snow-drop's early  
flower,

that droops not 'mid the chilling breath  
of spring,

at 'neath a summer sun lies withering.

their sun was set—the sun that rose for  
years

For them so joyously, was set in tears :  
They turned from thoughts of joy, to  
thoughts of God,  
And humbly bent to kiss the chastening  
rod.  
They had prayed fervently in joy ;—in  
grief,  
Again they bent in prayer, and found  
relief.

---

HYMN.

ANOTHER day of life and light  
Is given from above ;  
O God, how beautiful and bright  
Are all thy works of love !

Another night of peaceful rest  
The Lord my God has given,  
To one whom he has ever blessed  
With happiness from heaven.



Food, warmth, and raiment he bestows  
On his poor child of clay ;  
Parents who sooth his infant woes,  
And kiss his tears away.

Boundless, my God, thy gifts have been,  
Boundless thy gifts shall be ;  
Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen  
The joys that compass thee.

How great soe'er thy mercies are,  
Here to thy children given,  
More great, and, oh ! more wondrous far,  
Are those prepared in heaven.

# HYMN.

OH! dark and rude mysterious storm,  
 Expend thy fatal rage!  
 How many names may this dread night  
 Have written on death's page!

How many houseless wanderers,  
 'Neath the inclement sky,  
 Touched inly by thy icy breath,  
 Have laid them down to die.

How many on the rolling sea  
Have sunk beneath the wave !  
Lord, where was then thy powerful hand,  
Omnipotent to save ?

What, shall I question of thy way,  
Or thou thy purpose tell ?  
No, Lord, whate'er thy hand has done,  
I know that it is well.

Yet may I humbly pray for those,  
Meeting the storm's rude breath ;  
Lord, be with them in mighty power,  
Whether for life or death.

THE  
HOLY CHILD OF WESTMINSTER  
ABBEY.

Ann, third daughter of Charles I., died in her infancy, when not full four years old. Being minded by those about her to call upon God, even when the pangs of death were upon her, "I am not able," saith she, "to say my long prayer," meaning the Lord's prayer, "but I will say my short one:—Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death." This done, the little lamb gave up the ghost.—(*England's Worthies.*)

BOY.

MAMMA, we must tread softly here,  
For graves are scattered round;

And speak in whispers faint and low,  
For this is holy ground.  
Come with me ; look at yonder tomb,  
Say who is buried there ?  
Its marble walls and sculptured flowers  
Methinks show wondrous fair.

Perhaps some learned man is laid  
Beneath its arch to rest,  
Or chance some warrior, who has died  
With his colours on his breast ;  
Giving his heart's most noble blood  
His native land to save ;  
Ah, no ! now that I see it near,  
It is a baby's grave.

Tell me, mamma, what little child  
Lies in such stately gloom ;  
And see, a crown and sceptre too  
Are sculptured on the tomb :  
But what is this ? ah ! see, mamma,  
An open Bible there ;  
And here a little infant kneels,  
In meek and humble prayer.

I wish I knew if this fair tomb  
Is raised in empty pride,  
In memory of some royal babe,  
Who has in childhood died :  
Or if its marble walls display  
A sculptured tale of truth ;

And that the holy infant gave,  
In the spring-time of its youth,  
Its heart to God.

MOTHER.

Both, dearest child, of high descent  
That little infant came ;  
And see, in characters of old  
You yet may read her name :  
“ Ann, England’s Princess,” not alone  
Famed for her lofty birth ;  
Though few her years, the infant walked  
A little saint on earth.

## HYMN.

THE God of all that's great and good,  
Upon the cross of anguish died ;  
A wreath of thorns upon his head,  
A spear-wound in his side.

And scornful sinners standing round,  
In wrath the Son of God reviled ;  
While he their wicked taunts received,  
Meek as a patient child.



Why did he bleed and suffer thus ?

Was it to gain a throne on high ?

No, it was that a sinful race

Might not for ever die.

A throne, a Father's throne was his,

Yet those blessed realms of day

He left, that blood and suffering

Might wash our sins away.

For us he left his home above,

For us he wandered here below,

And patiently and meekly drained

The bitter cup of woe.

He suffered that we might be blessed,  
He gave his precious life for ours ;  
He trod a weary path of thorns,  
That we might tread on flowers.

Blest Saviour ! all he asks from us,  
For all that he for us has done,  
Is “ come to me, and be ye saved,  
Give me thy heart, my son.”


---

## HYMN.

“After he had patiently endured, he obtained promise.”—(Heb. vi. 15.)

LIST to the sound he loved so well,  
But never more shall hear ;  
It is the church's pealing bell,  
That falls upon the ear.

Ever on Sabbath morn he came,  
With tott'ring steps and slow,  
To worship God's immortal name,  
In his temple here below.



In the church-yard he'd linger still,  
To gaze upon each stone ;  
In youth he drained the cup of ill,  
In age he stood alone.

And as he sought the sacred part,  
Where humblest graves are found,  
Tears from his widowed, childless heart  
Fell on the hallowed ground.

Four stately sons lay slumb'ring there,  
The old man's joy and pride ;  
And there the partner of his youth  
Was laid their graves beside.

Through many years his trembling feet  
Sought out the house of prayer ;  
But vacant now his humble seat,  
A stranger's form is there.

Gladly in trusting hope he slept,  
Gladly he went to rest ;  
To those who through long years have  
wept,  
A righteous death is blest.

## THE SISTER'S LAMENT

DEAR baby, thou art passed away,  
From the gay and gladsome earth ;  
Oh ! short has been thy sunny day ;  
The spring that hailed thy birth,  
And twined her flowers to deck thy head,  
Strewing them o'er thy cradled bed,  
Hath faded into autumn now,  
And the pale cypress wreaths thy brow ;

Dear baby, thou wert bright and fair,  
With thy sunny eyes and thy golden hair,  
And thy dimpled hands, and thy cherub  
smile ;

But thou art fairer now the while ;  
For thy blue eye in heaven is gleaming  
bright,

And thy soft locks shine with a richer  
light,

And the snowy calm of thy infant brow  
Is crowned with a halo of glory now,  
And thy young, soft voice, like a clear  
bell rings,

As the sweet song of heaven it gladly  
sings ;

Pouring forth honour, and glory, and  
love,

To Him who reigns in the realms above !

To Him who hath ta'en thee from earth to  
heaven,

And washed thy soul from its earthly  
leaven

In the fount that flowed from thy Sa-  
viour's side,

When for thee on the cross he bled and  
died.

And, baby, now to that holy breast

Thou hast flown and found there shel-  
tering rest ;



And from thence we would not have thee  
back,

Though lonely we wander the weary track,  
That our bleeding feet must travel o'er,  
Ere we shall meet thee, to part no more;  
Ere we, like thee, shall gladly rest  
Our weary heads on a Saviour's breast,  
Ere we shall join in the songs of love,  
That sound through the realms of light  
above.

Farewell to thee, baby!—a long fare-  
well !

Lo ! 'tis the wail of the funeral bell.  
Beautiful child, they bear thee away,

thy narrow bed, 'neath the damp, cold  
clay;  
thy spirit, dear baby, has winged its  
flight  
the God of love, on his throne of  
light;  
and thy soul is at rest through the  
coming years  
at we, dear baby, must walk in  
tears.

---

TO G—— R—— .

ALL slowly and sadly the night passed o  
Sleep would not come at my call ;  
For pain had banished the peaceful res  
Was wont on my lids to fall.

I sought it by many a powerful spell,  
Which had used, in other years,  
To stay, in the height of my childish ills,  
The fountain of my tears.

But I turned in vain on my fevered side,  
To gaze on the pale moon-light,  
And to watch the silvery beams that shone  
On the distant snow-clad height.

Now I trod o'er faithful memory's plains,  
And gazed on the cherished past ;  
Now I sought with a daring hand to raise  
Veils o'er the future cast.

And each seemed formed but to chase  
away  
The sleep I so envied now,  
And to press a heavier weight of pain  
Upon my aching brow.

Then I thought of thee, dear gentle child,  
And soothing tears I wept,  
And calmness stealing o'er my breast,  
I blessed thy name and slept.







Page 123.

A FRAGMENT.


## A FRAGMENT.

**“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength.”—(Psalm viii. 2. v.)**

**Look at that aged man, with silvered  
hair,  
See, his hand trembles, while with grate-  
ful care  
And meek devotion in his earnest look,  
He turns the sacred page of God's own  
book,**



His story I will tell,—tis short.—  
grew  
From youth to manhood, and he n  
knew  
The word of God ; for no fond par  
care  
Had taught his infant lips the us  
prayer :  
Age followed soon on youth—and  
he felt  
“ ’Tis now too late to kneel ; I n  
knelt,  
To God—I never learned in youth  
bow



The knee to him :—He will not hear  
me now.”

With thoughts like these he tried to still  
the fear

That rose before him each succeeding  
year,

More forcibly :—for every day that past,  
Brought him, still unprepared, more near  
his last :

Yet though he feared, he sought not to  
amend

His evil way : but God will mercy  
send,

E'en to the thankless ; such his love to  
save,

That gentlest pity he will often have,  
On those who never come to ask in  
prayer

A father's love, or tenderness, or care :  
So 'twas with this old man.—One sunny  
day,

Chilly though bright, for it was early  
May,

A young fair child, whose holy brow  
expressed

That hope and love were inmates of his  
breast,

Within the depth of whose dark eye  
there lay,  
rich promises of manhood's coming day;  
The tones of whose sweet voice were low  
and clear,  
like distant music,—chanced to wander  
near :  
He saw that grey-haired man, and heard  
him speak  
such wicked words, as blanched his  
youthful cheek :  
"Stop, stop!" he cried ;—"oh, speak not  
so again.

Each word you utter gives your Saviour  
pain,  
Through your long life, you must have  
read with care  
'The book of God—and seen “Thou shalt  
not swear ;”  
The old man listened sullen, and then  
said,  
The book of God—I never yet have  
read ;  
I do not know his word—'tis now too  
late,  
I am grown old in sin.—’Twas not my  
fate

love him in my youth, and now, when  
grey

with age and pain, it is too late to pray.”

“Too late to pray !” the child exclaimed ;

“ ah no !

is not too late to pray.—I will not go,

I am here, e’en here, beneath his own

bright sky,

you bow the knee, and raise your voice

on high,

asking forgiveness. Then, for the dear

sake

him, your Lord and Saviour, who

could make

So great a sacrifice for us, and die  
Upon the cross in tears and agony.  
Go now! within your silent house, and  
look  
Into the sacred pages of his book,  
And read in sorrow and in trembling  
there,  
The fate that God has doomed for those  
who swear.”  
Trembling, the old man said, “I cannot  
read ;  
Nothing I know of Gospel or of Creed ;  
Of His commandments nought—and  
nought of heaven.”

It is not too late.—O God, to me be  
given”—

The child exclaimed, raising his gentle  
eye,

Complete with holy love,—“to lead on  
high,

Then to thy throne, thou Saviour of  
mankind,

A erring heart, where it may pardon  
find.”

His prayer was heard; and now, day  
after day,

That little child stole from his home  
away;



And by that old man's side, with patient  
care

He heard him con his lesson o'er; and  
there

He might be seen, with seraph brow and  
look,

And eager finger, leaning o'er the book  
Of God—pointing out line by line, and  
word

Easy and simple, till with joy he heard  
His aged pupil read, without his aid,  
'The ten commandments that his God  
had made ;

While, after each, he heard him breath a  
prayer

That he might follow each with fervent  
care :

And now that gentle child sees him each  
day

Read from the book of life, and hears  
him pray

To his Redcemer.       \*       \*       \*

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*



## HYMN.

“ Jesus said, this sickness is not unto death.”  
(John, xi. 4.)

I WILL not leave my sister's side,  
I love to watch her sleep ;  
Calm, placid, are her slumbers now,  
Dear mother, wherefore weep !

An hour ago the fever's height  
Raged on her aching brow ;  
But see with what a holy peace  
Slumber has crowned it now !

They said that if she calmly slept  
The crisis would be past ;  
Dear mother, see, she calmly sleeps ;  
Let that tear be thy last.

God, who has heard our fervent prayer,  
My sister's health restored ;  
Oh may his arm so strong to save,  
Be evermore adored.

I'll lay me on her pillow now,  
And raise my heart in prayer ;  
Thus when this blessed sleep is o'er,  
She'll wake and find me there.

Then first on me will turn her eye,  
On me her first pure breath ;  
Lord God, I bless thee ! thou hast rais  
My sister up from death.



## HYMN.

My mother's voice falls on mine ear,  
Like to a crystal bell,  
When she bids Heaven bless her child,  
And shield and guard him well.

My mother's voice is soft and low,  
Like breath of flowers in spring ;  
When joining in the evening song,  
Our infant voices sing.

My mother's voice like music falls  
Upon my gladdened ear,  
When 'mid our childish merriment  
Her laugh rings sweet and clear.

My mother's voice is sad and low,  
Like whisperings of distress,  
When she is forced some fault to chide  
Or blame our waywardness.

But, oh the clear-voiced crystal bell  
Such music ne'er has given,  
As that her hallowed lips let fall  
Whene'er she speaks of heaven !

And the sweet breath of early flowers  
Ne'er with such sweetness came,  
As when her accents gently breath  
Our Saviour's blessed name.





## THE ORPHANS.

“ Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them  
alive.”—(Jeremiah, xlix. 11.)

CHILD.

Poor pretty babies ! why mamma  
Do they wear that garb of woe ?  
Why do they look so sorrowful ?  
I saw their soft eyes flow.

All o'er with tears—they will not smile,  
Or join us in our play ;  
We ask them ! but they only turn  
More sorrowful away.

## MOTHER.

Dear child, these pretty babies wear  
The garb and look of woe,  
Because their gentle mother sleeps  
The cold blue waves below.  
No dasied turf is made her bed,  
No flowers are planted round,  
But the wild waves above her dash,  
With loud and moaning sound.

They passed from India's shores with her,  
Across the boundless sea ;  
But by her side the stormy wave  
They rode all fearlessly :—  
The tempest raged, the winds blew high,  
The shattered sail was torn ;  
And on its dangerous track the ship  
In helplessness was borne.

Then rose the voice of prayer on high,  
And the fond mother stood,  
Folding her babies to her breast,  
Amid the raging flood :  
The storm was hushed, the winds were  
lulled,

She thought the danger past ;  
But death rides on the calmest breeze,  
As on the roughest blast.

The gentle mother who had stood  
Unharm'd, amid the roar  
Of tempest—suddenly had sunk,  
When these rude winds were o'er :  
The word of God went forth, and she  
Must bow her down to die ;  
Sure was her trust in Heaven, but deep  
Her parting agony.

For these fair children wildly hung  
Around her still, and prest

Their balmy, cherub lips to hers,  
Or sunk upon her breast,  
Praying she would not leave them yet,  
Alone on the deep sea ;  
Oh, what a sad and harrowing sight  
Must such a death-scene be !

## CHILD.

Alas, mamma, no wonder then  
Their pretty cheeks are pale ;  
I thought not, when I asked the cause,  
To hear so sad a tale.  
Poor babies, left without a friend,  
How sad their lot must be !

Have they none to love them, dear  
mamma ;—

Their father—where is he ?

MOTHER.

Yes, dearest child, they have a Friend,  
One who will not forget,  
Though their father in a foreign land  
Lingers an exile yet :  
Still there is One who loves them well,—  
Thou canst not think that He,  
Without whose will no sparrow falls,  
Indifferent will be

Unto a lot so sad as theirs :

No, He has seen their tears,  
Has heard them lisp their fervent prayers,  
Has marked their rising fears :  
And well thou knowest, His blessed word  
All steadfast is and sure ;  
He is the orphans' hope and stay,  
In Him they stand secure.



## HYMN.

“ Christ died for us.”—(Romans, v. 5.)

MY God, thou canst my conscience make  
As clear as the noon-day ;  
And in the blessed blood of Christ  
Wash all my sins away !

Make me, in mercy, Lord my God,  
More worthy of this grace ;  
That I may meet in hope—not fear,  
My Maker face to face.



Make me to cling in gratitude  
And gladness to the thought—  
Thy blessed Son upon the cross,  
Has my redemption bought.

Though naught my own good wor  
may be,  
In him I stand secure ;  
I look but to the cross of Christ,  
And my salvation's sure.

I ask for mercies at his hand,  
And mercies shall be given :  
I rise upon his boundless love,  
Up to the gates of heaven.

His care at God's right hand above  
Prepares a place for me ;  
His name—the name of Jesus Christ,  
Shall my salvation be.

---

## THE SAILOR BOY.

“ MOTHER, dear mother, one bless  
more,

Ere I take my last farewell ;  
I part from my childhood's guide and s  
And, alas ! what tongue may tell  
If e'er again mine ear shall drink,  
From those hallowed lips of thine,  
The assurance, worth  
All else on earth,  
That a mother's love is mine.



“ Sister, Honora, best beloved !  
Droop not when I am gone ;  
Yet sing not thou thy gladdest song,  
Seek not that bower alone,  
We framed together ; let it be  
Sacred to my memory.  
If in God’s holy book ’tis writ,  
We ne’er shall meet again,  
Then shall of me its faded boughs  
A fitting type remain :  
But if his blessed will it be  
That I return once more,  
Soon shall my zealous care for thee  
Its leafy shade restore.

Dear mother—sister, gentlest ones,  
This grief but gains in power,  
How the yearning heart will cling,  
In many an after hour,  
To thoughts of this last—last embrace ;  
And the tears ye shed for me ;  
What balm to the poor exile's heart  
Their memory will be !”

The parting hour is come,—is past,—  
He leaves his father's hall,  
He leaves the home his childhood loved,  
The sacred spot where all  
His best affections had been nursed,  
His heart and hopes been raised

Unto the God whose blessed name  
His infant lips had praised :  
He leaves his home, his childhood's  
home,—  
A mother's voice no more  
May guide his youthful steps aright,  
As in those days of yore :  
And still a child in years, he seeks  
Alone a distant shore.

From pole to pole he wanders now,  
Seeks many a foreign land ;  
Now visits Iceland's gloomy shores,  
Now India's burning strand :  
Many he meets of evil course—

Till now he never dreamed  
That so much wickedness could be,  
Where only goodness seemed :  
But he left not the righteous path,  
For like a sacred spell,  
In each temptation, on his ear  
A mother's accents fell,  
Gently and bland, in mild reproof,  
As if she watched him still ;  
Guarding, tho' thus so far apart,  
Her cherished boy from ill.

While thus he ranged,—within his home

His gentle mother dwelt,

Wafting full many a thought to him,

*Or raising, as she knelt,*

His name to heaven, and oftentimes  
Tidings of joy there came ;  
Long pages, writ in lines of love,  
Closed by the wanderer's name.

Years have passed on, to manhood now  
The wanderer must have grown,  
And on Honora's youthful brow,  
Though child-like still, is thrown  
A deeper shade of thought, and soon  
Dark lines are written there—  
She trembles for a brother's life,  
She clings to earnest prayer ;  
She seeks with more intense desire  
The footstool of her God ;



She bends to pray  
His hand to stay,  
The heavy chastening rod :  
She ventures not to tell her grief,  
But marks, in terror wild,  
The trembling of her mother's lip,  
As she names her absent child.

Oh silent now is his loved home,  
Around the household hearth  
Lingers no more the ringing tones  
Of joyousness and mirth :  
And on his parent's gentle brow,  
Such suffering look is cast,  
As the young mother sends on high

When to her heart is clasped  
The fair but faded form of him,  
Her pride—her eldest born,  
Torn from her wreathing arms away,  
Even in childhood's morn.

And where was he—the wanderer?  
While thus a deep'ning gloom  
Hung o'er the hearts he loved the most,—  
Was his a distant tomb?  
Sank he beneath the poisonous breath,  
Of India's burning sky ;  
Or slept he in an ocean grave,  
Where waves his lullaby  
In loud and ceaseless moaning poured,

Above his dreamless sleep ?  
No ! he had braved the angry storm,  
Had watched the raging deep,  
When thunder rolled, and the dark wave  
Rose foaming, mountain high :  
But the word of God had not gone  
forth,  
He was not thus to die ;  
Nor was he laid to silent rest  
Beneath the palm-tree shade ;  
No stranger hand,  
On foreign strand,  
His narrow home had made.  
Such had not been his doom—but he  
Had found a living grave,

Within a dungeon's loathsome cell,  
    (No friendly hand to save,  
No kindly voice to whisper hope,)  
    The exiled stripling lay,  
Wasting within a prison-walls  
    His early life away.  
Was it this thought that on his cheek  
    Had shed a hectic hue ?  
Was it this thought that dimmed and sunk  
    His eye of joyous blue ?  
Was it for self he pined and drooped,  
    Within his silent cell ?  
No ! No !—he thinks of those alone  
    His spirit loves so well.

He drooped, and ~~they~~ too drooped apac  
But hours of joy are near :  
Oh, never yet to heartfelt prayer  
God turned unwilling ear :  
His prison-doors are opened wide,—  
Upon his native shore  
He stands, and with a grateful heart  
Owns all his sorrows o'er.  
Within that home, so silent late,  
A well-known step is heard,  
A voice—a long-lost voice has sent  
One single cherished word ;  
In gentle whisper through its halls  
Softly and low it came ;

ut it fell like lightning on the ear,  
As it spoke a mother's name ;  
sister's too—and quick as thought  
These cherished ones are prest,  
lapsed in affection's long embrace,  
Upon the wanderer's breast.




## TO G—— R—— —.

“ God had mercy upon him, and not on him or  
but on me also; that I might not have sorrow or  
sorrow.”—(Philippians, ii. 27.)

My blessed child ! and I was far  
When sickness round thee hung,  
And fever on thy cherub lips  
Its baneful influence flung.

I was not near to mark with dread  
Thy blooming cheek grow pale,  
To bend in fear and trembling o'er  
Thy melancholy wail.



I was not by thy cradled side,  
To soothe thine hours of pain ;  
It might have been, my blessed child,  
We ne'er had met again.

Death might have tamed that joyous heart,  
Have claimed thee as its own,  
Have sunk thy voice to whisp'rings low,  
Then hushed its gentle tone.

Death might have pal'd thy dimpled  
cheek,  
Have dimmed thy loving eye ;  
For death still nips the fairest flowers,  
And all alike may die.



But prayer rose from thy mother's heart,  
And one that loves not less ;  
And the great God of mercy spared  
Our hearts this bitterness.



## HYMN.

JESUS, whose blissful home is heaven,  
To wandering on this earth beneath,  
Thirty years of life has given,  
To fix and strengthen our belief :  
Jesus' who laboured thus for me,  
Teach me to labour unto thee.

Jesus bore upon this earth  
Toil and suffering, grief and pain,  
To secure our second birth,  
Sinners being born again :

Jesus who suffered thus for me,  
Teach me to endure for thee.

Upon the cross my Saviour died,  
Washing all my sins away ;  
“ It is finished,” he cried,  
Man’s redemption’s sealed to-day.  
Jesus—Lord—who died for me,  
Teach me how to live for thee.







Page 167.

SPRING.

## SPRING.


HARK ! hark ! that sound, 'tis the wood-  
lark's note,  
And see where the happy songsters float,  
Beating the air with their free, glad wings,  
And carolling forth their welcomings  
To early flowers—for the snow-drop's  
head  
Is rising now from its earthy bed,

And the pale green of its fairy stem  
Is crowned by a snowy diadem ;  
And the silv'ry birch is bending now,  
'Neath weight of buds on its slender  
bough,

And the hazel's graceful catkins droop  
Their feath'ry forms o'er the gushing  
brook,

No longer bound by its icy chain,  
But winding its glad free course again,  
Through hill and wood, and the joyous  
earth

Welcomes anew the spring's glad birth :  
Welcome, thrice welcome, ye sunny  
hours !




Welcome, thrice welcome, my fair wild  
flowers !

I love the spring for the shade of green  
It casts on every well-known scene,—  
For the mossy bank, the murm'ring rill,  
The music of the wooded hill ;  
But, oh, more than this, I love the spring,  
That it comes a herald of glitt'ring wing,  
Spreading sure tidings, far and wide,  
That glowing summer, in all its pride  
Of beauty and richness and depth of  
shade,  
By its heavy masses of foliage made,  
Is near at hand, to crown and bless  
This lovely world with loveliness.



I know not—but it seems to me,  
As spring might well an emblem be  
Of this our life,—aye changing still,  
From sun to shade, from good to ill ;  
But summer, oh ! summer was surely  
given

To picture forth the eternal heaven :—  
Calm, cloudless, of unchequered ray  
Is the sunny light of a summer's day,  
And the wide expanse of the azure sky  
Is a fitting type of eternity :  
Then welcome, bright and joyous spring !  
Welcome thy certain heralding  
Of coming joy, of buds and flowers,  
Of sunny spots, and shady bowers,



Of stately trees, in foliaged pride !  
Welcome, thrice welcome, my fair spring-  
tide !  
Fair in thyself, but, oh ! brighter far  
That thou art summer's harbinger.




## LINES,

ON A FAMILY WHO, IN THE YEAR 1826, WERE DROWNED  
BY THE RAPID ADVANCE OF THE TIDE.

THEY had gone forth in gladness all,  
To bathe in the dark blue sea ;  
And with the foam of the rising waves  
They played right merrily.

Little they dreamed of coming fate ;  
The sea was calm, the sky  
Betokened peace, how could they deem  
This was their hour to die ?



They were a gay and joyous band,  
Three little bright-haired girls,  
Whose eyes of deep and lust'rous light  
Looked out from waving curls.

And one of yet more tender age,  
A baby young as fair,  
Clasped to a faithful guardian breast,  
By a fond mother's care.

She bore it through the whitening foam,  
And smiled to mark its glee,  
As o'er the waste of waters wide  
Its eye glanced fearlessly.

Oh, what a little space may turn  
All gladness into woe !  
The angry tide comes rushing on,  
To lay that bright band low.

Vain, vain all effort, vain all haste,  
In every rising wave  
Is borne a call that summons them,  
Each to a wat'ry grave.

“ Save me, my mother ! save thy child  
One infant voice arose ;  
“ More dark, and, oh, more terrible,  
The deep'ning water grows ! ”

“ Hush ! hush ! ” a sister’s voice replies,  
“ Oh add not grief to fear ;  
Dear mother, see what God has sent,  
A sheltering place is near.

“ Could we but reach that jutting rock,  
Safely we might remain,  
Until this giant strength of tide  
Is carried back again.”

These brief words, like a gleam of joy,  
Broke in on her despair ;  
With hurrying step she gains the rock,  
And lays her infant there

Again, again, through dashing surf,  
Her children's side she seeks :—  
O God ! that cry of agony,  
What thrilling dread it spreads !

They had clung together, hand in hand,  
But waves came fast and strong ;  
And the mother sees, while yet afar,  
Her fairest borne along.

“ Help ! help ! oh, save me ! ” cried the  
child :—  
No mortal hand can save ;  
Fast to the ocean's depths 'tis borne,  
Upon the foaming wave.





Again, again, through dashing  
Her children's side she seeks :-

O God ! that cry of agony,  
What thrilling dread it spreads !

They had clung together, hand in hand,  
But waves came fast and strong ;  
And the mother sees, while yet afar,  
Her fairest borne long.

" Help ! help !  
child :—

No mortal hand  
Fast to the ocean's !  
Upon the foaming



Page 177.

With frantic force the mother bears  
Two to the sheltering rock:  
Faltering more faint at every step,  
Beneath the billows' shock.

With frantic force the mother bears  
Two to the sheltering rock ;  
Falt'ring more faint at every step,  
Beneath the billow's shock.

“ Spare, spare,” she cried, “ in mercy  
spare,  
My yet surviving three !”  
She spoke, and o'er their hope and stay  
The waves dashed furiously.

Then rose the voice of the little child,  
Whose eager eye had seen  
The only spot where they had hoped  
That shelter might have been.

“ Mother, dear mother,” thus she cried,

“ This is no hour for fear ;

In darkest trials like to this,

The hand of God is near.

“ Amid the fierce and chilling wave,

His arm is our defence ;

Oh, cling no more to earthly hope,

Turn to Omnipotence.

“ One only thought in this dark hour

Can pale my cheek with dread ;—

My father ! oh, what mighty grief,

Hangs o’er thy cherished head !

“How wilt thou bear thy lonely lot,  
How brook thy silent hearth ?  
This morn its echo to our laugh  
Was its last sound of mirth.

“Then let us pray, for his dear sake,  
That God may still be near,  
To comfort and uphold his soul,  
Amid its grief and fear.”

She knelt upon the less'ning rock ;  
Higher the dark waves grew,  
Till o'er her meek head, bending down,  
Their glitt'ring spray they threw.

“ Up, up, my child ! ” in frantic dread,  
The wretched mother cried ;  
She saved awhile her bright-haired one,  
But the dear baby died.

It 'scaped her now enfeebled hold,  
It sank amid the wave ;  
And the poor mother shrieked its knell,  
Above a foaming grave.

She had saved awhile, 'twas but awhile  
Her bright-haired one from death ;  
The waves claimed other victims yet,  
And chilled her with their breath.

More faint she grew, she could not strive  
Against their weight, and they,  
Mocking the mother's agony,  
Bore the fair child away.

She floated on the billow's breast,  
Her hands still clasped in prayer ;  
Could angels die—their dying scene  
Might have been pictured there.

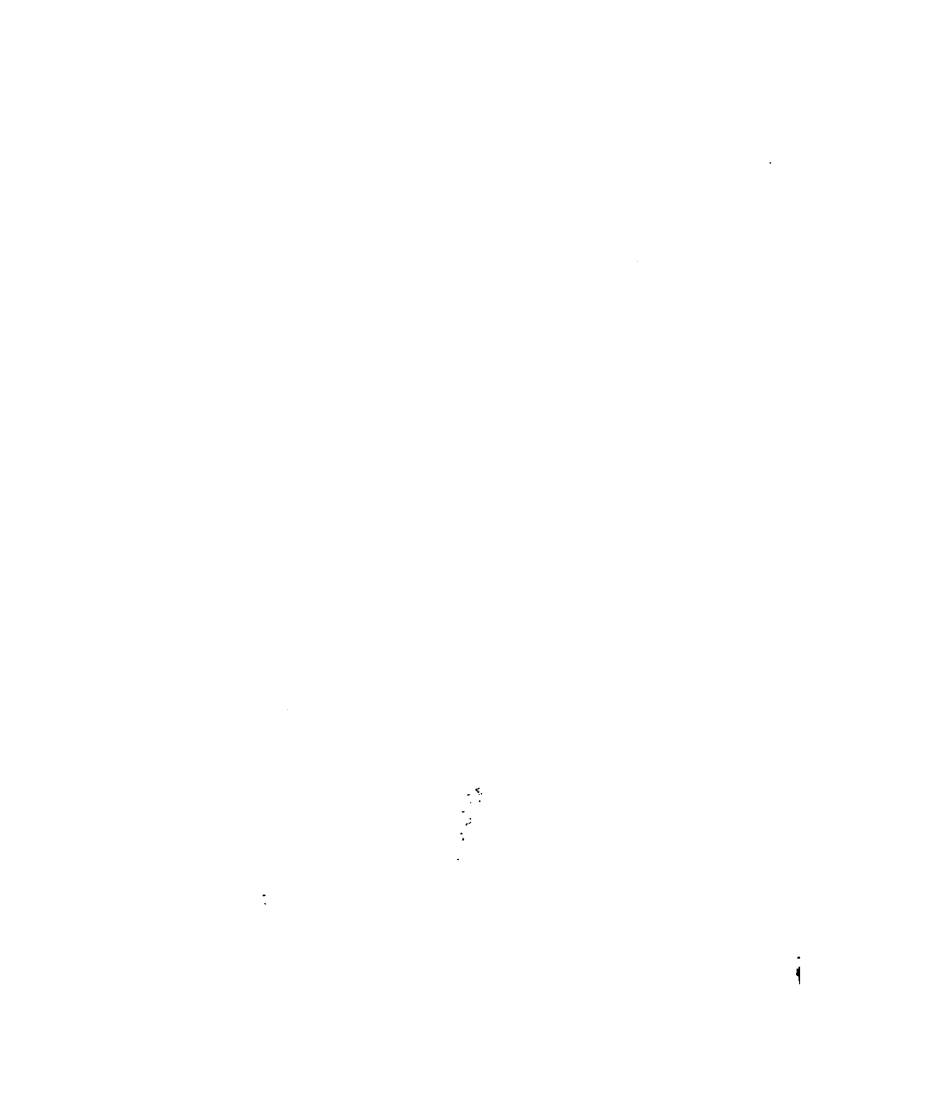
On, on, the waves rolled on apace ;  
The mother held on high  
Her last surviving babe,—in vain,—  
Together they shall die

Nought was relaxed that tender clasp,  
Though the baby felt no more ;  
And on their chilling breasts the waves  
To death the mother bore.

She raised her gentle heart to heaven,  
For strength to her was given ;  
She called upon the name of God,  
And gave her soul to heaven.

---







Page 188.

**THE HOLY CHILD OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**

## G — R — 'S HYMN.

FATHER of all, to thee I bend,  
'The sinner's hope, the infant's friend ;  
Father of all, to thee I fly,  
The Saviour through eternity  
Of all who seek thee out in prayer,  
Of all who ask thy guardian care,  
Of all who raise a pleading eye  
In trusting faithfulness on high,  
Of all who seek their way to win,  
From out the fatal paths of sin.

Father of all, to thee I bend,  
The sinner's hope, the infant's friend ;  
Thou wilt not turn away thine eye,  
Thou wilt not leave my soul to die ;  
Worthless, unworthy as I am,  
The blood of thy most holy Lamb  
Has washed, has cleansed my faults away,  
Has formed anew this sinful clay,  
And reigning now, by thy right hand,  
He trains for heaven a righteous band.

Father of all, to thee I bend,  
The sinner's hope, the infant's friend ;  
Lord make me of that righteous band,  
Lord guide me to that sainted land,

Where countless angels hourly sing  
Hosannas to the mighty King,  
Who reigns in heaven, in earth and air,  
Whose wondrous works are everywhere ;  
Whose mercies, boundless as his love,  
Can fit me for a home above.

Father of all, to thee I bend,  
The sinner's hope, the infant's friend :  
Let me not tread that path alone  
That leads to thee ; thine eye has known  
All my past life, and thou hast seen  
What thy frail child had surely been,  
Without that gentle parent's care  
Who trained his early thoughts to prayer ;

And thou hast seen, Lord, from on high,  
How truly, fondly, faithfully  
Those bonds are weaved which thou  
    hast blest  
Deep in each Brother's faithful breast ;—  
Lord, be those bonds which thou hast  
    given  
Unsevered, when we meet in heaven !



## HYMN.


I LOVE the summer sun, that sheds  
Its golden rays of light ;  
I love the stars that gleam amid  
The canopy of night.

No ray upon this lower world  
The glitt'ring sun lets fall,  
No twinkling star but does proclaim .  
That God is all in all.

And, oh ! I love the bright wild flower  
    Their fair and slender stems,  
And the half opening buds that form  
    Their simple diadems.

Each slender stem, each fragile leaf,  
    Each opening bud betrays  
The beauty of the hand of God,  
    In all his wondrous ways.

I love to hear, at evening's close,  
    The blackbird's liquid note ;  
Or like to waving fairy bells,  
    The red-breast's music float.





No warbler pours its strain along  
The depths of the green wood,  
But seems, in its gushing song, to tell  
That God is very good.

The sun, the moon, the singing birds,  
The merest weed or flower  
That blossoms but at his command,  
Speaks his unrivalled power.

# HYMN.

“Thou art my God; early will I seek thee:  
(Psalm lxiii. 1.)

CHRIST Jesus, Saviour of mankind,  
Hear a poor infant pray ;  
I long to tread the righteous path,  
If thou wilt lead the way.

Lead me, my Father, lead thy child,  
Even at thy throne to bow ;  
And stamp the cross of holiness  
Upon his youthful brow.

Many, of years as few as mine,  
Are brought to see thy power,  
And to declare, in lisping tones,  
Thy praises every hour.

Oh ! let me follow in their path,—  
The path that leads to thee ;  
Let the morning of my life be pure,  
That pure its close may be.

~~~~~

## THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

COME hither, R——n, I have met  
With a pretty tale to-day,  
One like to those you love the best.—  
Ah ! there, your favo'rite play  
All suddenly is laid aside,  
It pleases now no more :—  
Well, listen, dearest child, and know  
'That upon India's shore,

To the dark tribes of that far land,  
The Bible is unknown :  
They kneel not to the Christian's God ;  
They worship wood and stone ;  
And many are the fearful rites  
Their darkened hearts employ,  
As offerings to the heathen's god,  
Such as, my gentle boy,  
Would curdle thy young blood to hear ;  
But with these scenes of woe,  
My present tale has nought to do :—  
It chanced that, long ago,  
When wand'ring through the gorgeous  
west,  
A youthful stranger came

To a city that his swarthy guide  
    Called by a Christian name :  
Its silver domes and towers of gold  
    Shone with a dazzling light,  
Reflecting back with burning ray  
    The sun's meridian height :  
But yet in vain the golden beams,  
    Like sunny smiles, were shed,  
For all seemed cheerless, sad, and still  
    As the city of the dead.  
And woman's eye was dimmed with grief,  
    And childhood's ready tear  
Flowed silent, and the warrior band  
Leant with dark brow and idle hand,

Upon the disregarded brand,  
Or on the bloodless spear.

Mutely the wanderer stood and gazed,  
When, lo ! with solemn toll,  
A muffled bell speaks to his ear  
Of a departing soul :  
And then an earnest eager crowd  
Came hast'ning blindly on,  
And bore him, in their hurrying course,  
Half willingly along :  
Some wearing wreaths of flow'rets came,  
And some with jewels crowned,  
And many scattered jessamine leaves,  
And spice and perfume round ;

Until without the city gate,  
They bowed them down in prayer:  
Well might the stranger wond'ring gaze,  
A Christian's grave was there :  
Then rose again the frantic wail,  
And thus he questioned low,  
Of an old warrior by his side,  
Why all these signs of woe :—  
“ Say, has there passed from this glad  
earth  
One of a mighty line ;  
That thus a nation bends in grief,  
Beside yon sainted shrine :  
Fell the loved chieftain of your tribe ?”  
The warrior answered thus,



While pointing to a reverend form,  
    “ Our chieftain mourns with us ;  
His kingly robes are cast aside,  
    He bears no state to-day,  
But bent, his humblest slave beside,  
    Kneels on the earth to pray :—  
Further I may not answer now,  
    But, stranger, wend with me ;  
Or, stay, seest thou the lonely cot  
    Beneath the tall palm-tree ?  
Go rest thee there ; I may not leave  
    Yet for awhile the sod,  
Where, Christian, we are met to pray,  
    Unto the Christian’s God.”  
He bowed his stately head, and waved

The stranger from his side,  
And soon to prayer's meek accents sank  
His lofty voice of pride.

Now, when the sacred rites are o'er,  
The Indian's kindly breast  
Gave forth its friendly welcoming,  
To his young Christian guest :—  
“ Stranger,” he said, “ when yonder bell  
Tolled for this solemn day,  
You questioned if a chieftain's soul  
Was passing hence away,  
That thus we mourned ! No, stranger, no;  
You saw our mighty chief,  
Humbled like us beneath the power,

The mastery of grief :  
You saw him, on that lowly grave,  
    Bending a willing knee,  
In token that there slumbered there  
    A mightier than he.

“Brief is the tale—ten years ago  
    To images of gold  
We gave our worship, wood and stone,  
    Gods that were bought and sold ;  
But one there came, of British birth,  
    From his own native shore,  
To teach us of the one true God,  
    Who reigns for evermore ;  
A God of might, yet full of love

For the lovers of his name,  
Unchanged, unchangeable through time,  
Eternally the same :  
His was the ever-powerful arm,  
That raised this wondrous earth,  
And his the love that gave for us,  
One of immortal birth,  
To weep, and agonize, and die  
Upon the cross of death,  
Breathing forth love to our lost race,  
E'en with his latest breath.

“ Yes, stranger, yes, all this and more  
He taught our hearts to know ;  
But death's dread warrant had gone forth,

It laid our best friend low :  
Yet, stranger, though we see him not,  
His precious words remain,  
And this our boast and privilege—  
*We bear the Christian's name.*  
Three years ago, on this same day,  
Stranger, the white man died ;  
Three times at twelve moons' interval,  
We've bent his grave beside.  
And still, through each successive year,  
Upon this sacred day,  
We plead to heaven, to Christ, to God,  
To wash our sins away !”

May he in mercy hear the prayer  
Of the poor Indian's breast ;  
And grant to his benighted land  
The day-star of the blest.



## SPRING'S WILD FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

SPRING, joyous spring! she comes with  
    starry flowers,  
    And radiant birds upon the glancing  
        wing ;  
With tender care she wreaths afresh her  
    bowers,  
    With many a fair and long-forgotten  
        thing.

The fragrant woodbine twines the hoary  
stem,


In spiral coils of fond and faithful  
grace ;

Beneath her shade, that meek-eyed wood-  
land gem,

The purple violet hides her blushing  
face.

Spring comes, and, lo ! each hidden nook  
of earth,

With dewy blossomings is instant ripe;  
She smiles upon her spotless children's  
birth,





And breaths o'er each, the fragrant  
breath of life.

Bright buds of beauty, on her faithful  
breast,  
Her starry Bethel lays her shining  
head ;  
The hare-bell, in her azure tinted vest,  
Springs with the sorrel from her tufted  
bed.

The young anemone, on every side,  
Woos with sweet incense the soft  
summer air ;

he fragrant woodbine twine  
stem,

In spiral coils of fond  
grace ;

Beneath her shade, that me  
land gem,

The purple violet hide  
face.

Spring comes, and, lo !  
of earth !

Wie

The lily of the vale, in modest pride,  
Draws her green mantle o'er her  
bosom fair.

The budding rose, in rich luxuriance,  
flings  
Her crimson garlands o'er the moss-  
clad ground ;  
The blue geranium to the grey rock  
clings,  
And spreads its perfume on the waste  
around.

The honeyed heath-bell, Scotland's dar-  
ling flower,

In royal purple clothes the mountain's  
height ;  
And there, where whirlwinds blow and  
tempests lower,  
It glows a beacon of unfading light.

The feathery fern, the badge of Highland  
clan,  
Is darkly waving on the valley's side ;  
Of old 'twas foremost in the armies' van,  
Cresting the haughty chieftain's brow  
of pride.

The black-thorn and the wild-plum  
wreath the spray,

With all their myriads of pure clust'-  
ring flowers,  
Shedding around a gleaming silvery ray,  
Through the deep shadows of the  
forest bowers.

Far off the ring-dove broods upon her  
nest,  
'Mid the hushed stillness of the waving  
trees ;  
She folds her sad thoughts to her silent  
breast,  
And mournful murmurs to the whis-  
p'ring breeze.

The missel-thrush has built his spacious  
home,

'Mid the white blossoms of the thorny  
spray ;

And there the wren hath reared a fairy  
dome,

Spangled with lichens of pale silv'ry  
grey.


Within she spreads a snowy, downy bed,  
Where tiny eggs like gleaming pearllets  
lie ;

And there she sits, with golden crested  
head,

Glancing around her bright and restless  
eye.

The lime bursts forth into proud beauty's  
glow,  
Yielding her precious stores of honeyed  
balm  
To the glad bee, whose murmurings to  
and fro  
Lull the warm air to a delicious calm.

The silver fishes, with their shining scales,  
Are gliding swiftly through the gushing  
stream ;



Their restless fins and darting chiseled  
tails,  
Gleam all bejewelled in the noon-tide  
beam.

The blossoms of the gardens trust their  
heads  
To the protection of the youthful sun ;  
The odorous vapours dew the silver webs,  
By the green spider for its mantle spun.

The plain with dewy pearls is powdered  
o'er,  
Drink for the herbage through the  
starry night ;



Like the tossed foam vexed ocean flings  
on shore,  
The queen of meadows wreaths her  
brow with light.

The breath of flowers is floating on the  
air,  
The song of birds is ringing through  
the skies ;  
The sun looks down from his bright  
regions there,  
And greets the fair world that beneath  
him lies.

Marked ye the lilies on the valley's side,

They toil not, neither spin—yet,  
mortal, know  
That Solomon, in all his robes of pride,  
Was not arrayed like these pale buds  
of snow.

If God so clothe the grass with varied  
hue,  
That blooms to-day, and ere to-morrow  
dies,  
Shall he not, faithless, rather care for  
you,  
The helpless suppliant that before him  
lies ?

Behold the birds that soar through summer skies,

They neither sow, nor reap, nor gather store ;

Yet God inclines him to the ravens' cry,  
Shall he not heed his mortal suppliants more?

Then bow thee down upon the flowery sod,  
And lay thy proud head even with the dust ;

Call on the name of nature's mighty God,  
And learn from henceforth to adore and trust.

## HYMN.

FATHER, remember me, thy child,  
In every coming hour :  
I feel my weakness, strengthen me  
With thy almighty power.

Remember me when my young heart  
With every bliss o'erflows,  
And all the world's best, dearest joys  
Thy bounteous hand bestows.

And teach me then to raise my soul  
In grateful praise to thee ;  
Oh, in the careless day of joy,  
Father, remember me !—

Remember me when sorrow comes,  
To blight this buoyant heart ;  
For I, my God, may live to see  
Its every bliss depart.

And lead me then to seek relief,  
My God, from only thee ;  
Oh, in the bitter hours of grief,  
Father, remember me !—

Remember me when, on the bed  
Of sickness and of death,  
My straining eye-ball shuns the light,  
And fails my struggling breath.

Then, then, oh, grant thy sinking child,  
Sure hope and help in thee ;  
Great Jesus in the hour of death,  
Save and remember me !

## HYMN.

I KNOW, when I lie down to sleep,  
That God is near my bed ;  
That angels watch, by his command,  
Around my infant head.

I know, when I kneel down to pray,  
That still my God is there ;  
He hears my word, he sees my thoughts,  
And will accept my prayer.

I know, when I go forth to play,  
That God is by my side ;  
Through every hour, at every step,  
He is my guard and guide.

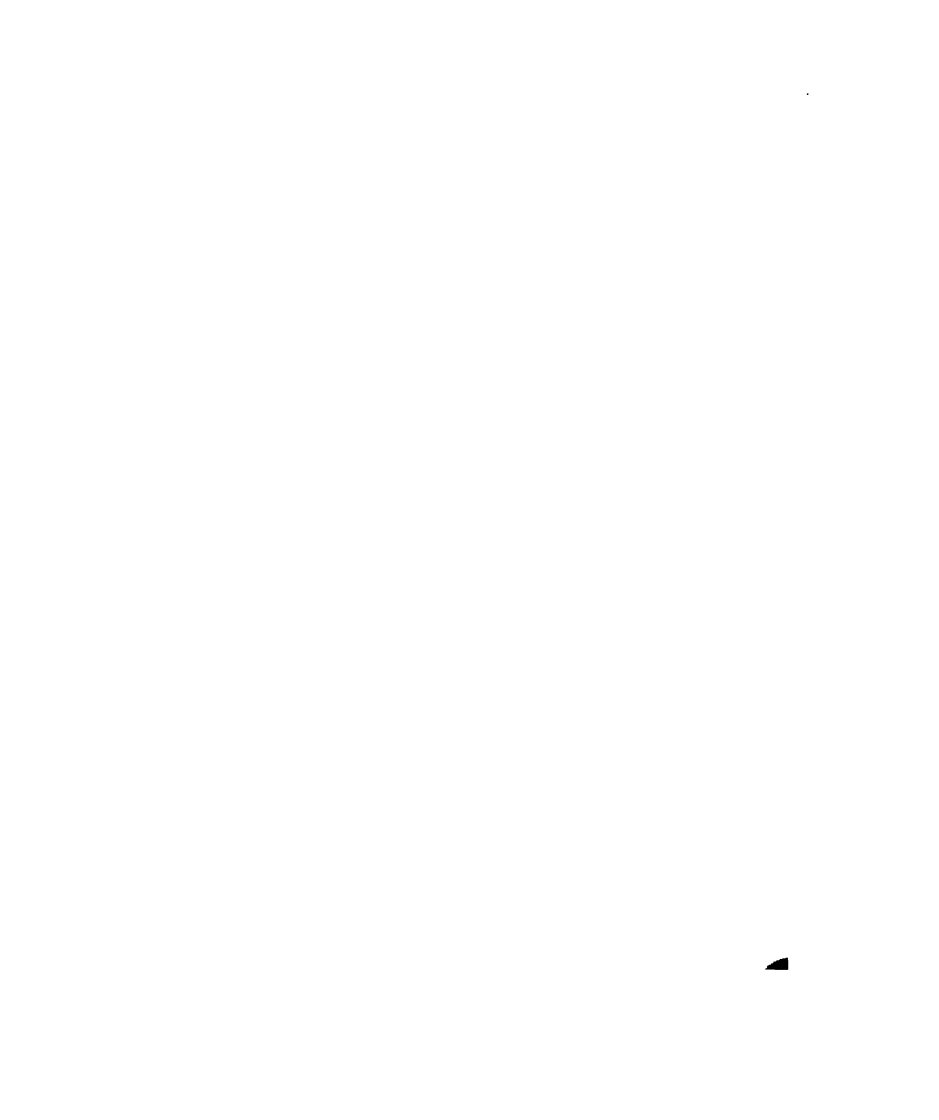
I know his eye sees every thing,  
In earth and sea and air ;  
That he, in darkness as in light,  
Can see me everywhere.

Then let me guard each thought, each  
word,  
Lest he should chance to find  
Evil within a heart that should  
Be gentle meek and kind.

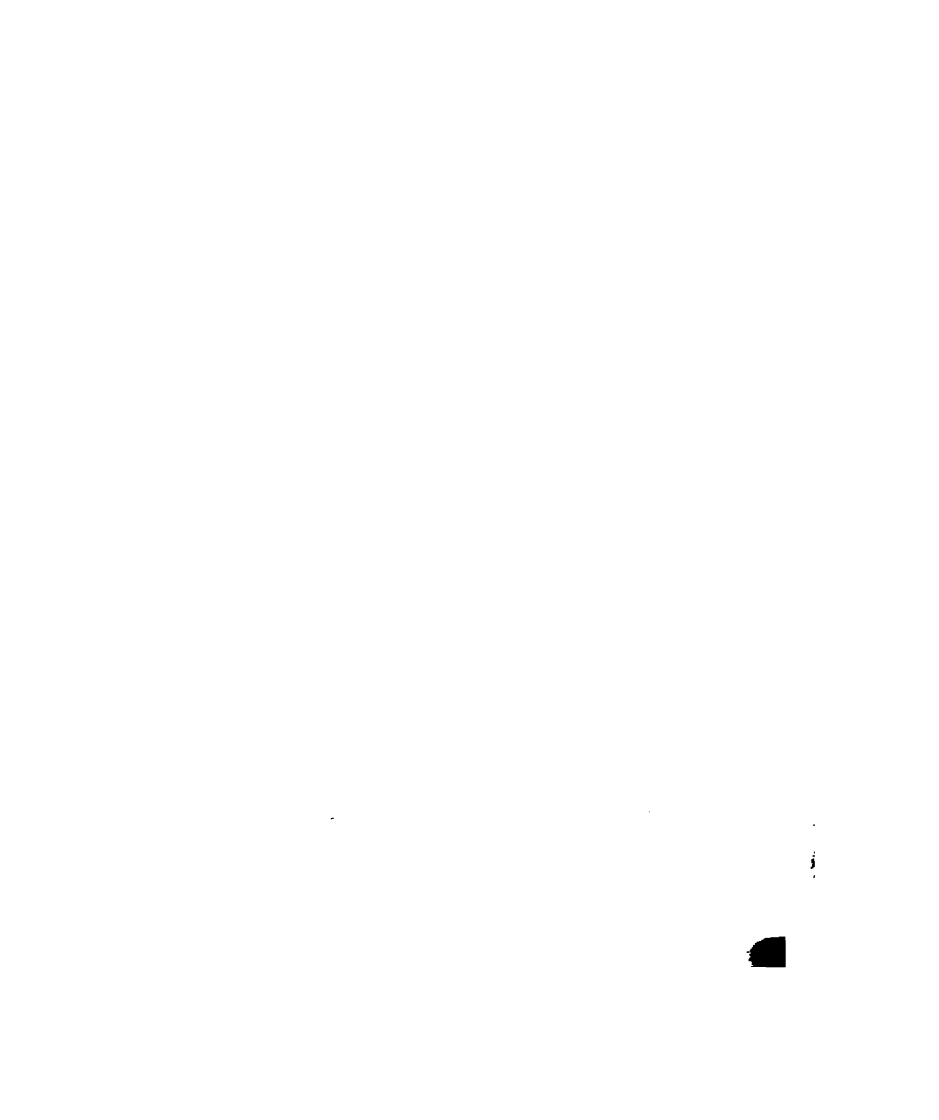


At morn, at eve, and oftentimes,  
Throughout the summer day,  
We hear their infant voices rise  
Together, when they pray.

THE END.







1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000

1000000



